

The American Army Disbanded.

ON November 3, 1783, the American army, which had fought through seven weary years for the independence of the United States, was disbanded, after the successful termination of the Revolution. The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown put an end to Britain's struggle to keep the colonies she had alienated by misrule.

The Fatal Ring

A SERIAL OF ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE

Bessie Reveals Herself as an Enemy in Search of the Violet Diamond.

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film
 Pearl Standish PEARL WHITE
 Richard Carlsake Warner Oland
 The High Priestess Ruby Hoffman
 Tom Carleton Henry Gsell

Novelized from the photo-play.

"The Fatal Ring."

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 17.

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HE slipped her arm through the frightened girl's and led her up stairs again. And for the rest of the night they lay down together.

Tom had promised to turn up for breakfast at eleven the next morning, but it was nearer twelve when he finally appeared—with an astonishing tale to tell.

"I was on my way here," he explained excitedly, "when I passed a little man with a cinder in his eye. He seemed unable to get it out for himself. I volunteered to help him, but while I was attempting to locate it I felt him cautiously attempting to pick my pocket."

"Such a return for my kindness annoyed me, so I hauled off and knocked him down, only to discover when I turned around that a confederate was just behind us. He gave me something of a tumble, but I finally disposed of him, too. However, that is what made me late."

"The astonishing part of the whole adventure is that I believe both were Carlsake's men—and if they were—they were after the diamond—they must have known I had it. Now, how do you suppose they could have known?"

"How does Carlsake find out that he knew?" asked Pearl, shrugging.

She accepted the diamond that Tom held out to her and slipped it into an oddly shaped handbag that she was carrying.

A Slumming Party.

"He sounds dreadfully clever and dangerous," sighed Bessie. "Do you think we'd better postpone our shopping and our slumming party to-night?"

"By no means," answered Pearl. "I've never yet changed my plans for him, and I refuse to begin now."

"Good!" cried Bessie, relieved.

They spent the afternoon showing Pearl's visitor the Fifth Avenue shops, and dined in one of the gay cafes; then they entered Pearl's car again and drove down to Chinatown to show Bessie that famous section.

"Are there really Chinese theatres, with Chinese actors in Chinese plays?" asked Bessie ecstatically.

"I'd just love to see one!" answered Tom. "Here is the best of the Chinese theatres before us, and the performance is now going on. The fourth act is being given."

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

The potato was first introduced into Spain by Hieronymus Cardan, a monk, in 1555; into England by Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake in 1583; and into Ireland by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1585.

It has been noticed that parrots seize objects with the left claw by preference or exclusively, and they make a readier use of the left claw for climbing than the right.

"The old time 'minuet' derives its name from the Latin 'minutus'—small, applying to the short steps peculiar to this dance."

Montreal claims to have the largest flour mill in the British Empire. It turns out 5,000 barrels of flour a day.

It is estimated that there are at least ten thousand lepers in Russia.

Ancient Heligoland.

Centuries ago Heligoland, the present great German naval base in the North Sea, was at least five times its present size and a place of no little importance. Like so many islands, it had a peculiar attraction for the peoples of the surrounding mainland. They stood in awe of it, and mythology claimed it for its own. It was here that Forseti, the god of Justice, had a temple, as had also, according to another tradition, the goddess Heitha, a special object of veneration among the Angles of the mainland. Later on it was the aim of the Pagan King, Radbod,

to-night, but as we do not understand the language, anyway, that will make small difference."

Laughing, they passed in and found seats.

They had scarcely disappeared into the dim interior, however, when a limousine drew up to the curb and Carlsake descended. He looked about him restlessly—and four men drew near him. Three were in ordinary street clothes, and one was in the uniform of a chauffeur, but all four were his men, his body and soul.

"Well," he asked quietly, "Have they come?"

"Yes," answered a little man, the smallest of the lot.

"You are sure? All three are together, the Standish girl, the Blake girl and Tom Carleton?"

"Yes, they're all in there!" "Good! Now, you, Bill, draw all of the gas from the main tank of her car, so that she won't be able to run more than five blocks. She'll have to stop, then—and the rest is taken care of!"

The little man saluted and withdrew. The chauffeur remounted the box and drove off. Carlsake turned to the other two.

"Remain on guard in case of a slip up," he said.

As they merged themselves into the mixed mob of various nationalities that crowded the little street, Carlsake entered the theatre to spot his quarry.

Meanwhile, his chauffeur parked his car near where Pearl's car was parked and accosted her chauffeur casually:

"What time have you got?" he asked, looking at his own watch.

"Ten-fifteen," responded Pearl's chauffeur, amiably.

"Right. Same as mine. They won't be out for some time yet. What do you say to a cool, was one, eh?"

"I don't mind," answered Pearl's chauffeur.

They moved off in the direction of the nearest saloon, as the little man who had had his instructions from Carlsake crept stealthily nearer. The crowd was so thick and the street was so dark, nobody paid any heed to him as he opened the tap and let the gasoline run out in a stream along the street.

Carlsake's Plot.

When the last drop had drained off and only her emergency tank was left, the little man vanished, and Pearl's chauffeur—returning with his new-found acquaintance—never suspected what a misfortune had overtaken him in his absence.

The theatre began to empty out, and Pearl and her party presently appeared. They approached the car—still laughing over the curious performance they had just witnessed—and entered, first Bessie Blake, then Pearl, finally Tom.

The car started, smoothly enough, but it had not proceeded two blocks before the engine began to gurgle and spit and protest.

The chauffeur was puzzled. He tried to set things right but could not. The gurgling and expostulating continued for an instant longer—then the car came to a complete stop.

The chauffeur could think of but one reason for such behavior—no gas! But he had just had the tank filled before starting out! He descended to investigate and was bending over to lift up the hood when one of Carlsake's men crept up behind him and hit him over the head with a blackjack. He fell forward on his face without a sound.

At the same moment the other four of Carlsake's crew approached the car—two heading for each door.

Pearl saw them coming, and, though the violet diamond was in the bag in her hand, her first thought was not of the precious stone, but of Bessie. Turning swiftly to pacify the girl who was her guest—she found herself looking into the barrel of a revolver, while Bessie—dropping her timid, childish air—cried grimly:

"Give me the violet diamond—quick—and make no noise!"

The words were no sooner out of her mouth, than Carlsake's grinning face appeared at the open door.

To Be Continued Monday.

The Magazine Page Will Be a Feature of Tomorrow's Sunday Times

Magazine Page

Simplicity, the Parisian Keynote in Dress

Republished by Special Arrangement with Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine.



SOFT and swift of line is the Martial et Armand coat of broadened taupe velvet—but it is in between the lines that Paris puts her meaning, and something about the whole wrap endears it. For the collar Paris went a-hunting and got a rabbit-skin to wrap the fashion in, then finished the grille with gray fringe caught under a tarnished silver slide.

PARIS being somber is Paris being more beguiling than ever, and by its very simplicity this Paquin suit of gray gabardine but adds another string to its bow. Unexpected little clusters of gray stitching, narrow shoulders and frugality of fur are its fashion features—and "Freddie" is its name.

THE big coat is here—but it is no longer big—it is little, and French, as Cheruit made it. How we will fit into it remains to be seen, but that in we go is unquestioned, and whoever stays out, for no matter what reason, is—unpatriotic. In this case the coat is of velours with the most inscrutable mannered but wholly enchanting fur collar high at the top.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A Bit of Etiquette.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am a stenographer in a small office and often my employer introduces me to salesmen or buyers for various firms with whom we do business. How should I receive these introductions? I am quite unaware of the correct manner to acknowledge them. Should I offer to shake hands? Should I arise, if seated when the introduction is made? When a person says, "I am very pleased to have met you," what is the proper reply to make? Also, is it ever good form to shake hands with a girl? When introduced to a gentleman on the street or in a train should you offer your hand when introduced and again at leaving him? I am a foreigner and these little forms often puzzle me. A. V. M.

A QUESTION like yours does not really belong in my column. But so many of my girls have similar worries that in fairness to all of them I am going to answer you. When your employer introduces you to men, you need not arise. Just say, "How do you do, Mr. Jones?" And when a man or woman speaks of the pleasure it gives them to meet you, thank them graciously and say that you, too, have enjoyed the meeting. I think it is always pleasant and friendly to hold out your hand when introduced to anyone. Never fear being over-cordial. The real cordiality that comes from sweet nature and kind-heartedness is welcome to almost everyone.

WOMAN who is doing splendid work for our soldier boys tells me that "goodies" are particularly welcome to the boys in camp. And when I remember how much a "box" meant to all of us in my college days I can quite sympathize. A delicious cake, jellies, preserves and such things are welcome. Why don't you send a real Thanksgiving box—a roast chicken (if turkey is too bulky and too costly), a mince pie, a jar of cranberry jelly or any other dainties you feel like making. Good books, nicely marked handkerchiefs, some sort of little mending kit, a writing companion, with paper and fountain pen—a very practical gift that will not be useless and in the nature of "excess baggage" is right to send a soldier boy.

A TRIUMPHANT RETURN. An absent-minded man came home one evening and early waved an umbrella before his wife. "Well, my dear," he said, "you see I didn't leave it anywhere to-day. I see," said his wife. "The only trouble is that you didn't take one from home this morning."

ARE you sure you cannot win over the parents of the girl you love? Do you care for her deeply enough to want to make sure of her happiness? Now why not im-

Little Bobbie's Pa

By William F. Kirk.

MISS Angely Ames was over to our house last night, she teaches dancing & rites poems for a living. Pa said he hoped she had lots of dancing pupils.

She had a argument with Pa about dancing, she said all people with true poetry in their soul liked to dance & was grate dancers & Pa said there was a lot of grate dancers that didn't know wether Chaucer was a poet or a Poolece Commish-ner. I know, sed Pa. I have met dancers enuff. Lite on the feet, lite in the head—that is a pritty good rule, sed Pa, though it doant always follow. sed Pa. I remember, sed Pa, that in my yung days the best waltzers in our town was the town harber & the boss of the lunch wagon on the corner of Main & Bridge street, sed Pa.

You must have travel in a very ex-clooset set, sed Miss Ames. It is fine to have such soosul standing, sed Pa.

I fitted heer & there, like a butterfly, sed Pa. One nite I wud be at a swell dancing party on Knob Hill, Pa sed, & the next nite I wud be at a public maskerade galy by the Son of Herman the German, Pa sed. I was in demand everyware, sed Pa.

I ruffed you up a good deal, that mixing, sed Miss Ames. I cud see that if I was playing blind man's buff, sed Pa.

I am a blunt man, sed Pa, like the old Capting of the Guard. Blunt & fearless, sed Pa, & willing to follow my Duty even in the trenches of the enemy.

How utterly fearless, sed Miss Ames.

Yes indeed, sed Pa. My friends all know that & my enemies suspect as much, they let me alone, sed Pa.

Have you seen the last number of the Ladies' Home Mirror, she asked Ma, I have a poem in there called The Dead Moth. I didnt see it, sed Ma. I must get it & read it. I will recite it to you, sed Miss

The Moth is dead & passed away. Its life has died & its form is clay. Its soul will live Thru Eternity. New wings will give it Power to fly. My soul is like That moth sub-lime & it will hlike To realms sublime.

The only thing I doant like about this poem, she sed to Ma, is that word Hike. I had to use it, she sed. It is the best word in the poem, sed, it has a punch. I like that poem, sed Pa. I cudent have did better myself. I am proud to know you, Pa sed, please rite me yure ottograft.

Miss Ames rote her naim for Pa & sed You doant know how happy I am to meet a Kindred Mind.

After Pa went out she sed to Ma. How happy & proud you must be with such a lordly husband for a True Knite.

I am, sed Ma, he is a grate cup of tea, my husband it.

A Remarkable Ship.

The first Norwegian iron and concrete ship was recently launched at the Porsgrund Cement Works. The ship is built on an entirely new system, with the bottom upward, in which extraordinary position the launching took place on a sort of underlying sledge, which glided out with the ship. When the water was reached the hull became detached from the sledge and gradually sank up to a certain point, then subsequently slowly righted itself.

The ship, which is of 200 tons burden, was built in three weeks, but the next will only require about half that time, as the original frame will be used for each subsequent ship of the same size. The casting of the ship, when the frame is completed, will this time take only two days. It is intended to start the wholesale shiping of iron and concrete ships of 200, 500 and 1,000 tons. A 1,000-ton ship will be completed in six weeks.

The Author of "Thanatopsis."

ONE hundred and twenty-three years ago William Cullen Bryant was born. When he was twenty-three he wrote the poem "Thanatopsis," which not only made him famous but which marked the beginning of American poetry of enduring value. Though Bryant wrote many beautiful lines, his first poem remains his greatest.

DRACULA, OR THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER.

PART ONE—(Continued)
 WENT round to the back of the house, where there was a kitchen window.

The professor took a small surgical saw from his case, and handing it to me, pointed to the iron bars which guarded the window. I attacked them at once and had very soon cut through three of them. Then with a long, thin knife we pushed back the fastening of the sashes and opened the window.

I helped the professor in, and followed him. There was no one in the kitchen or in the servants' rooms, which were close at hand. We tried all the rooms as we went along, and in the dining room, dimly lit by rays of light through the shutters, found four servant-women lying on the floor. There was no need to think them dead, for their stertorous breathing and the acrid smell of laudanum in the room left no doubt as to their condition. Van Helsing and I looked at each other, and as we moved away he said: "We can attend to them later." Then we ascended to Lucy's room. For an instant or two we paused at the door to listen, but there was no sound that we could hear. With white faces and trembling hands, we opened the door gently, and entered the room.

SCENE OF HORROR GREETS THE TWO PHYSICIANS.
 How shall I describe what we saw? On the bed lay two women, Lucy and her mother. The latter farthest in, and she was covered with a white sheet, the edge of which had been blown back by the draught through the broken window, showing the drawn, white face, with a look of terror fixed upon it. By her side lay Lucy, with face white and still more drawn.

The flowers which had been round her neck were found upon her mother's bosom, and her throat was bare, showing the two little wounds which we had noticed before, but looking horribly white and mangled. Without a word the professor bent over the bed, his head almost touching Lucy's breast; then he gave a quick turn of his head, as if one who listens, and leaping to his feet, he cried out to me:

"It is not yet too late! Quick! quick! Bring the brandy!" and returned with it, taking care to smell and taste it, lest it, too, were drugged like the decanter of sherry which I found on the table. The maid, who still breathed, but more restlessly, and I fancied that the narcotic was wearing off. I did not stay to make sure, but returned to Van Helsing. He rubbed the brandy, as on another occasion, on her lips and gums and on her wrists and the palms of her hands. He said to me:

"I can do this, all that can be at the present. You go wake those maids. Flick them in the face with a wet towel, and flick them hard. Make them get heat and fire and a warm bath. This poor soul is nearly as cold as that beside her. She will need be heated before we can do any brandy down her throat. I noticed I went at once, and found little difficulty in waking three of the women. The fourth was only a young girl, and the drug had evidently affected her more strongly, so I lifted her on the sofa and let her sleep. The others were dazed as first, but as remembrance came back to them they cried and sobbed in a hysterical manner."

I was stern with them, however, and would not let them talk. I told them that one life was bad enough to lose, and that if they delayed they would sacrifice Miss Lucy. So, sobbing and crying, they went about their work.

AN OLD FRIEND APPEARS AT AN OPPORTUNE TIME.
 The voice came from the sofa across the room, and its tones brought relief and joy to my heart, for they were those of Quincey Morris. Van Helsing started angrily at the first sound, but his face softened and a glad look came into his eyes as I cried out: "Quincey Morris!" and rushed toward him with outstretched hands.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow) (Copyrighted)

Anecdotes of the Famous

In his "Record of an Adventurous Life," H. M. Hyndman, the veteran Socialist and war patriot, tells an amusing story of John Burns' earlier days.

Several Socialists and labor leaders had lunched at my house, (writes Mr. Hyndman) preparatory to attending a meeting of the unemployed on the Thames Embankment. All of us "did ourselves well." Burns particularly distinguishing himself as a trencherman. Judge, then, of our astonishment when the first sentences of his speech at the meeting ran as follows:

"The upper classes tell us that the unemployed are loafers and wastrels. Now I'll do a day's work with anyone. Yet here I stand as unemployed and as hungry as any of you, for neither bite nor sup has passed my lips"—and his powerful voice rang far beyond the crowd—"for four-and-twenty hours."

It came like a bombshell on us all (adds the author), and how Champion, Jack Williams and the rest of us kept from laughter I do not know.

In General Sir George Higginson's recently published "Seventy-one Years of a Guardsman's Life" there is a good story of Beau Brummell. The author had it from the late Lord Lyndhurst, who knew him well.

Someone, who no doubt wished to discredit him by allusion to his parentage, asked in the presence of some of his admirers:

"Pray, Mr. Brummell, how are your good father and mother?" "Thank you," was the reply, "quite well when I left them half an hour ago; but by this time they have probably cut their throats!" "Good heavens!" exclaimed sev-

eral of the bystanders. "You must be speaking in joke."

"Not at all," he said with a quiet tone of appreciation of the motives of his questioner; "they were eating peas with their knives."

Upon one occasion when Mark Twain was called upon to speak at a public dinner he took "for his theme" "Honesty." He said that when he was a boy at home he one day saw a cartful of melons. He was only a boy—and he was tempted; besides, he liked melons. The opportunity was there; there was little or no risk of detection.

"I sneaked up to that cart," said Mark, "and I stole a melon. I went into a passage to desmolish it. But I had no sooner set my teeth in it than I paused; a strange feeling came over me. I came to a quick resolution. First I wiped up that cart, placed the stolen melon where I got it from, and—took a ripe one."

The home that the late George Meredith had built for himself was rather small, though it was extremely comfortable.

"It's strange," remarked a lady visitor, "that in your books you describe huge castles and baronial halls, but when you come to build, you put up a little house like this. Why is it?"

"Well," replied the author, with a twinkle in his eyes, "the reason is because words are cheaper than stones!"

Suitable for the Occasion.

Young Mr. Hobling—What a lot I seem to have learnt to-night! How I have benefited by this conversation with you, my dear Miss Condieley! Somehow your intellect seems to appeal to mine. Are you a literary lady?

"Miss Condieley—No, I am a teacher of an infant school!"